

PIGSNUFFLE'S FONETIK FILOSOFI.

TIS singler how sum men wich make a outkri ef the preacher talks moar than $\frac{1}{2}$ an our wil set quitey an lissen tew a politickle speeker fur 2 or 3 ours an maik no kik.

It wood never dew too alow wimmen to voat, espeshalli now that kneegrows an Injuns hav the suffraje. We shood then hav noboddy tew look down on.

The man wich sez that Shaikspeer didnt rite his own plase is a skoundril an a idjot. We litterery men must stand together, bi thunder!

Wat does Prof. Goldwin Smith know about "Loialti," anyway? He has never tride too git anny offis or hav tarif changed fur his benefitt. He ain't in it.

Sum ov theze dase when I've maid mi pile an kin afford it, I shal taik holt an tri tew develop Canadean litteratoor. Meanwhile I must just hustell an rite stuff that wil sell.

Birchel has a klaim onto the simpaty ov the relijous world. He has tride mitey hard tew live up to the dock-trine uv total depravity.

The poit rites admirinly ov sum feller wich—

Looks the hole world in the face,
Fer he oze not anny man.

That's nothin tew the gall. ov sum peepke wich I cood name hoo look the world in the face wile they can't walk a blok without meetin a creditter.

TO ENCOURAGE THE OTHERS.

POLICEMAN QUINN has of course been discharged from the force
For using his club with some freedom,
When next we've a riot
Let peelers keep quiet,
A lesson this case ought to read 'em.

When Orange toughs meet
For a row on the street,
Stirred up by fanatical heelers,
They can freely throw stones
To break Catholic bones,
Without any fear of the peelers.

Ere to strike they begin
Let the police think of Quinn,
Nor venture on drawing a baton,
They should gently and low
Say "please boys do go,"
If they do any more they'll be sat on.

They may thump if they like
Paddy, Dennis or Mike
And persons of neutral complexion,
But the "loyalist" crew,
Who wear orange and blue,
Are under official protection.

PERSONAL.

MR. CHAS. J. WINTERS, of Woodstock, passed yesterday morning reading and in conversation. His breakfast consisted of lamb chops, sausage, fried potatoes, buttered toast and coffee, and he seemed to thoroughly enjoy the meal. For dinner he ate roast duck, potatoes, Queen's pudding and pumpkin pie. In answer to a query as to his health he replied, "Oh, first rate, thank you." It is true Mr. Winters has not been convicted of murder, nor is he in jail, but surely that is no reason why an intelligent and discriminating public should not take an interest in his little private affairs, as noted above.



AT AN OCTOBER PARTY.

WHIFFLES—"Pleasad evedig, Biss Bodtague?"

MISS MONTAGUE—"Charming; but I wish we could have some music. Isn't there somebody here who can 'touch the light guitar'?"

WHIFFLES (*sadly literal*)—"Yes; I have a slight touch of id byself!"

MUTUAL CONGRATULATIONS.

SAYS Harcourt to Dryden,
"Your sphere seems to widen—
An omen of good for the nation.
When your chances you tried
It was all cut-and-dried
In returning you by acclamation."

Says Dryden to Harcourt,
"Our ordeals are short;
It didn't surprise me a bit,
For the verdict I waited
In hope when they stated,
'Hark! Court is commencing to sit!'"

SLICK SPEECHES.

THE Ministerial speeches were well received at Hali-fax the other day. The two Sir Johns had done the Haligonians the compliment to study *Sam Slick* before going East, and the speeches illustrated *Sam's* method of "soft sawder and human natur" most admirably.

IT ALL DEPENDS.

PROFESSOR OF POLITICAL ECONOMY—"When a protective tariff is imposed upon imports, who pays the duty? Come, gentlemen, that is a question which the merest tyro ought to be able to answer conclusively. What do you say, Judkins?"

STUDENT—"It all depends, sir."

PROFESSOR—"Depends on what?"

STUDENT—"Why, on your politics. If you're a Grit, the consumer pays 'em; if you're a Tory, it's the producer."